



Exalted by her charming voice,
She'll these Instructions give;
But, what should make you more rejoice;
She'll shew you, how to live.



Exalted by her charming voice,
She'll these Instructions give;
But, what should make you more rejoice;
She'll shew you, how to live.

MORAL SONGS

F O R

C H I L D R E N ;

Weisse C.F.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

G E R M A N.

L O N D O N :

Printed by H. REYNELL, (No. 21,) Piccadilly,
near the Hay-Market;

F O R

J. SEARLE, Corner of Warwick and Brewer-Streets,
Golden-Square; and Sold by RILEY, No. 33,
Ludgate-Street; and APPLEYARD, Corner of
Queen-Anne-Street, Wimpole-Street.

M DCC LXXXIX.



T O

Miss SARAH MORRIS,

YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF

CAPTAIN THOMAS MORRIS.

M A D A M;

BY Inscribing this little Work to
you, I do not presume to give you a
Lesson of Morality, for that would be,
not only the grossest Insult to a young
Lady,

Lady, who does not even know the Shadow of Vice, and has Virtue as a familiar Companion to her Infantile Amusements; but also the most unaccountable Misrepresentation of a Father, whose Precepts and Example have rendered Christianity the boast and delight of his Offspring; and whose indefatigable Study it has always been, to banish Idleness from under his Roof, and to make his Mansion the Asylum for true Religion, and the Museum for useful Science, and the liberal Arts.

All I aim at in this Dedication, is the Smile of Innocence on my Performance, which not only will amply reward the Pains I have taken with this Translation; but also create Emulation in those, who either are really
partial

partial to Virtue, or at least wish to
be looked upon as such.

I am,

With the greatest respect,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

The TRANSLATOR.

[57]

of the ... of the ... of the ...

...



...

...

...

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. WEISSE, the Author of these Songs, very ingeniously hit upon the Idea of conveying moral Maxims to the Heart of Youth, by the charms of Music. As nauseous Medicines are often rendered palatable to the Tongue, by being diluted in sweet and aromatic Vehicles, so serious and solemn Morality is softened by the melting Notes of pleasing Harmony.

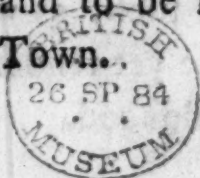
The Translator has taken the Liberty of sometimes deviating from the Original; of curtailng and altering such Songs, as were thought either too long, or foreign to the Maxims of Morality which they were designed to inculcate; and of entirely leaving out such, as were deem'd too exalted for the yet tender Mind of unexperienced Childhood.

He

He hopes, that this little Performance, even when considered as mere Fables or moral Distiches by Parents and Tutors, as well as by their Children and Pupils, will be received as an acceptable Offering.

And that musical Youth may familiarize their Hearts to Virtue, while they are improving in an Accomplishment, which hitherto has been but little adapted to so sublime a Subject, he has caused Six Songs to be set to Music by an eminent Professor of this fashionable and delightful Art.

The Songs, marked with Numbers in this Collection, may be Sung, and answer to the same Number in the musical Set of *Six Moral Songs adapted to the Piano-Forte, Harpsichord, Harp, German-Flute, and Guitar*, published by T. SKILLERN, No. 17, St. Martin's-Lane, and to be had at all the Music Shops in Town.



C O N T E N T S.

	Page
A N Address to two Children	1
The Violet	2
The little Folk	3
Beauty and Pride	4
May	5
The House built of Cards	6
Real Riches	7
The Fish on the Hook	8
The young Tree	9
Death	10
The Apple	11
The praise of Innocence	12
The Resolution	13
Liberty	14
True Grandeur	15
The Gnat	16
The Sun	17
The Soap-bubble	18
The Sparrow and the Turtle Dove	19
The Harpsichord	20
Friendship	21
To Sleep	22
Time	23
Fear	24
The Jay and the Nightingale	25
The poor Man	26
The Boy before the Looking-glass	27
The	

	Page
The old Man	28
Industry	29
Fraternal Love	30
The folly of prying into Futurity	31
Exterior Appearance	32
The inconsiderate Wish	33
The Rope-dancer	34
The Lambkin	35
The small Injury	36
The Man of Snow	37
To the Larks	38
Obedience	39
The foolish Wish	40
The Shadow	41
The Bees	42
The Butterfly	43
The Morning	44
The Bird's Nest	45
To a Cat which had destroyed two Doves	46
Winter	47
The Delay	48
The Blush	49
To a Brook	50
The Rose-Bud	51
Contentment in doing a good Action	52
On the Picture of a beloved Mother	53
False and true Praise	54
To a Tree in Autumn	55
To a Spider	56
The Owl	57
Envy	58
The Whipping-top	59
Admonition to two Children	60



(1.) *An Address to Two Children.*

YOU little flatterers from me
A present wish to have ;
Here all I can bestow you see,
And all the Muses gave.

The Muses ! you may answer well,
What is't you call a Muse ?
Now, if in confidence I tell,
You can't a kiss refuse.

It is parental love, my dears,
Sweet love, if not the best ;
For your good mother such appears
The love that warms my breast.

Exalted by her charming voice
She'll these instructions give ;
But, what should make you more rejoice,
She'll shew you how to live.

B

(2.) *The*

(2.) *The Violet.*

WHY, choicest flow'r of all that grow,
 Dost thou in vallies ever blow;
 And seek those qualities to hide,
 Which other flow'rs display with pride?

Whene'er I pluck thee from thy stem,
 I find thou far surpassest them:
 While rich perfumes thy leaves contain,
 The rest their beauty boast in vain.

Of merit modest and retir'd,
 Thou as the picture art admir'd;
 And he who thy desert can see,
 Is sure of gratitude from thee.

The little Folk.

IN Lilliput are little folk,
 For so says Swift, but Swift could joke,
 Just like my thumb in breadth and height;
 Now should we at a distance wait,
 Imagine what must be their size,
 About the bigness of our flies.

O! were I there, how tall I'd be!
 No doubt they'd say, *a Giant! See!*
 And point, whene'er they chanc'd to meet
 My bulk enormous in the street;
There, there he goes, would be the cry,
 And fear would sit in ev'ry eye.

But should it by mischance appear,
 I was no wiser there than here;
 If they were learned and polite,
 They could not fail to judge aright;
 And say, *What contrast here we find!*
His body's tall, but short his mind.

(1.) *Beauty and Pride.*

PHILLIS.

CHLOE thou say'st is handsome grown,
I no such beauty see;
Examine well my face, and own
She's not so fair as me.

DAMON.

Yes, Phillis, that thy looks are sweet,
Sincerely I confess;
But, tho' her beauty's not so great,
I'm sure her pride is less.

(3.) *MARY.*

(3.) *M A Y.*

IN variegated robe array'd,
 With all his cheerful pomp display'd,
 See May his smiles employ;
 Delightful sounds the vallies fill,
 And ev'ry grove, and ev'ry hill;
 The voice of youthful joy.

And now the meads and fallow land,
 Scatter'd by Nature's bounteous hand,
 Their store of flow'rs receive;
 For dancing, garlands I'll prepare,
 And artfully my flaxen hair
 Among their colours weave.

But first my homage shall be paid
 To him, who all these flow'rs has made,
 So fragrant and so fine.
 I'll praise him with uplifted eye,
 And joyfully my tongue shall cry,
Thro' gratitude I'm thine.

The House built of Cards.

LAUGH my friends, for laugh you may,
 If for laughter cause you find,
 That my house is blown away,
 By a sudden blast of wind.

O! how oft do you, as I,
 For the wind your building raise;
 Domes so spacious and so high,
 Domes on which with pride you gaze!

Will they one day longer stand?
 We shall see what time they last;
 Lo! the moment is at hand,
 Which the joys of life shall blast.

Real Riches.

WHY is man from sea to sea
 Blown by storms, in search of trea-
 sure;
 As if one world could not be
 Large enough to crown his pleasure?
 Yet as soon as he obtains the golden
 prize,
 Without enjoying it, the Miser dies.

Hope great riches to acquire,
 Is not that which man should cherish?
 No, the treasures we desire,
 Should be those which never perish:
 The love of virtue, for that holy
 flame
 With us returns to heav'n, from
 whence it came.

(2.) *The*

(2.) *The Fish on the Hook.*

SEE, in the stream, with many a maze,
 The little wanton frisks and plays;
 And when he views his foe above,
 Imagines his deceit is love.

Regardless of the line and hook,
 He on the prey is charm'd to look;
 With joy he leaps, and snaps the bait,
 Ah! foolish fish, thou seek'st thy fate.

Of such misconduct I'll beware,
 And prudent fly the fatal snare;
 Avoid what others has undone,
 And all the world's allurements shun.

(2.) *The*

(2.) *The young Tree.*

THIS pretty little blooming tree
 They say is just as old as me ;
 Tho' very young, and very small,
 It bends with fruit admir'd by all.

It pays the gard'ner whose delight
 Has been to nurse it day and night ;
 But how transported will he be,
 To find it grown a lofty tree !

Would I, like it, could useful grow,
 (For yet I only blossoms shew)
 And, thro' God's help, with fruit abound,
 Like that fair plant, both good and sound.

Death.

D E A T H.

HOW oft a mortal dies
 Grey-headed, but not wise ?
 And when the trifler to his grave is
 carried,
 No noble mind will mourn,
 But each repeat with scorn,
Full long enough on earth this idiot tarried.

But sound advice I take,
 Of life the best to make ;
 And when my Maker's will requires my
 spirit,
 For me the good shall sigh,
 And loud lamenting cry,
 Alas ! too soon we lose this man of
 merit.

(5.) *The Apple.*

MASTER John, the other day,
 On the grass-plot while at play,
 Found an apple, and the boy
 Ran and skipp'd about for joy.

Now he, ravish'd with his prize,
 To his mouth the fruit applies.
 What's the matter, Master John?
 What four looks do you put on?

Master John now angry grew,
 On the ground the fruit he threw,
 Vowing 'twas not worth a pin,
 Fair without, and foul within.

Master John, the meaning's good,
 Let the hint be understood;
 Fruit to flatt'ry's oft a kin,
 Fair without, and foul within.

(3.) *The*

(3.) *The Praise of Innocence.*

DEAR Innocence, thy worth I know ;
 On thee will I my love bestow ;
 Thou wilt my love requite ;
 All vicious joys from thee depart,
 Yet never dost thou leave my heart,
 In want of pure delight.

Where'er my youthful fancy's led,
 Where'er I fit, where'er I tread,
 I scatter'd roses see ;
 With peace and joy my soul elate,
 Expatiates on my happy state,
 To see thee smile on me.

I view my blifs with sweet surprize,
 Whene'er thou set'st before my eyes
 My past and present day ;
 Thou giv'st to all my troubles ease,
 And crown'st my plays, for e'en to these
 Repentance finds no way.

To

To me thy comforts ever send,
 O, ever let me call thee friend,
 When I shall older grow :
 The wounds of disappointment heal,
 Nor let me satisfaction feel,
 But what from thee shall flow.



The Resolution.

CLOSE study shall my youth engage,
 To make me happy in my age ;
 Yet sometimes I'll relax a while,
 And tedious hours with play beguile,
 Of time in harmless pleasure spent,
 I shall not, when I'm old, repent.

(3.) *Liberty.*

WHY, little nightingale, give o'er
 Thy pleasing ditties, why no more
 In Nature's praise rejoice?
 So sweetly once thou sung'st thy lay,
 That ev'ry warbler on the spray
 Was silent at thy voice.

Behold a cage both gay and fine,
 Behold the choicest food is thine,
 Prepar'd ere morning glow;
 No storm or rain hast thou to fear,
 Yet sit'st thou all day moping here,
 As if oppress'd with woe.

Then come my pretty little pet,
 Since, when confin'd, I see thee fret,
 I'll give thee freedom soon;
 Hah! now thou sing'st from yonder tree,
 I hear thy charming melody,
 Which thanks me for the boon.

True

True Grandeur.

THE warrior longs for fame,
 And brisk obeys her call;
 He hopes to gain a name,
 When thousands butcher'd fall.

When he with sword and fire
 Destroys whate'er he can,
 The people all admire,
 And cry, *How great a man!*

Whoe'er his passion rules,
 Deserves fair virtue's meed;
 And tho' unprais'd by fools,
 That man is great indeed.

(2.) *The Gnat.*

THE splendour of a candle-light
 Once of a Gnat had struck the sight ;
 It gambol'd round it, unaware
 Of all the dangers which were there.

Its life was lost ; and that, I see,
 May answer as a hint to me ;
 In choice of friends the wise are nice,
 And shun the lures of brilliant vice.

(3.) *The*

(3.) *The Sun.*

HAIL luminary heav'nly bright,
 Hail sun whose beams refresh my sight,
 When from the waves they rise ;
 How great the God who fashion'd thee ;
 And with thy pomp and majesty
 Adorn'd the vaulted skies.

From thee proceeds that gentle flame,
 Which piercing quick thro' nature's frame,
 Makes ev'ry part revive ;
 The tallest oaks, the smallest plants,
 In due proportion to their wants,
 Receive its warmth and thrive.

Thou art, when nicely understood,
 An emblem of the wise and good,
 Who ne'er his help denies ;
 But knowledge to the ignorant,
 And sustenance to those who want,
 With bounteous heart supplies.

(5.) *The Soap-bubble.*

ALL this bubble's brightest dyes
 Solely from the sun arise ;
 And the gaudy shew we find,
 Vanish with a blast of wind.

So some little masters shine,
 Drefs'd out very, very fine ;
 Small their worth, their genius small ;
 O, *what beans*, we cry, that's all.

The

The Sparrow and the Turtle Dove.

S P A R R O W.

HOW I'm treated ! chac'd, despis'd ;
 While thou'rt cherish'd, fed, and
 priz'd ;
 Why seeks man to murder me !
 What does he discern in thee !
 Am not I as wise as thou ?
 All mankind my skill allow.

T U R T L E.

Yes ; th' effect of that they feel,
 Thou art only skill'd to steal ;
 What they please to give, I get,
 But I never wrong'd them yet.
 What is genius, what is skill,
 When employ'd in doing ill.

The

The Harpsichord.

DEAR instrument, what gentle joy
 Dost thou impart to me ;
 I ne'er can want for sweet employ,
 While I am blest with thee ;
 Thou yieldest all my mind could chuse,
 To charm the soul, or heart amuse.

When I am in my humours gay,
 Thy notes are brisk and boon,
 And when to sorrow I give way,
 Thou play'st a dismal tune ;
 But if to sacred thoughts I'm giv'n,
 Thy sounds can lift my soul to heav'n.

Let no false joys, which folly brings,
 So ill my heart allure ;
 But, like the sweet tones of thy strings,
 Be all my pleasures pure.
 May all my life resemble thee,
 And still be full of harmony.

Friendship.

Friendship.

THE Man who holds the mirrour to my
 eyes,
 And scorns my smallest errors to disguise;
 With truth advises, and with zeal reproves,
 He is a friend, he only truly loves.

But he who deals in flattery and praise,
 Who never ventures to condemn my ways,
 Who pardons faults ere I repentance shew,
 And lends his aid to ill; that man's my
 foe.

To Sleep.

B O Y.

COME, sleep, I long in thy soft arms to
be,
Come, gentle sleep, and close my weary
eye.

M A N.

But hold, my friend; shou'd that eye
clos'd remain,
And never view the solar light again?

B O Y.

O then, I know, a brighter light will
shine,
A glorious light, eternal and divine.

(1.) *Time.*

(1.) *Time.*

WAVE after wave, as rivers flow,
 And to the ocean run,
 So minutes after minutes go,
 And are for ever gone.

O, who would then throw time away,
 And trifle to his cost ?
 My hours in idle, childish play,
 Shall never more be lost.

(1.) *Fear.*

(1.) *Fear.*

I'LL wander those dark trees among,
 And breathe the sweets of May ;
 The nightingale shall teach her song,
 And I may join my lay.

What noise is that ! what is't that lies
 Within the thickets hid ?
 It comes ; O dear ! I see its eyes ;
 It is,——it is,——a kid.

The

The Jay and the Nightingale.

J A Y.

TELL me, thou foolish, little, squeaking
thing,

Why men love thee, who wilt so seldom
sing ;

While I continue chatt'ring all the day,
Yet no one thinks of praising what I say.

N I G H T I N G A L E.

Is chatt'ring merit ? praise can ne'er belong
To him who knows not how to hold his
tongue ;

He who one thing ten thousand times re-
peats,

Is fortunate indeed if praise he meets.

D

The

The Poor Man.

S I S T E R.

BROTHER, don't stare at that poor man,
He's in a filthy trim ;
O dear ! I wonder how you can
Observe such men as him.

B R O T H E R.

Let me behold his misery,
Since my means are not scant ;
We ne'er to Heaven can grateful be,
Unless we visit want.

(4.) *The*

(4.) *The Boy before the Looking-glass.*

B R O T H E R.

WHAT a sweet pretty fellow am I,
 As the glass undeniably shews !
 What a face ! what a bright glancing eye !
 And my soft coral lip—how it glows ;
 When I smile, teeth of iv'ry appear ;
 In each cheek I a dimple behold ;
 Like Apollo and Bacchus, I wear
 My loose-flowing tresses of gold.

S I S T E R.

Dear brother, a twelvemonth ago,
 I was handsome, with jetty curl'd hair,
 Each beholder would praises bestow,
 And vow, none with me could compare.
 Pock-mark'd is my cheek smooth and
 round,
 Dull my eyes, which inspir'd love and
 joy ;
 But I've learnt that true beauty is found
 In that, which time cannot destroy.

(1.) *The old Man.*

AN aged man receiv'd a fall,
 Whose hair was silver white;
 Some wicked boys, who saw him sprawl,
 Laugh'd loudly at the sight.

Age is respectable ; the boy
 Who must that truth be told ;
 Is neither fit youth to enjoy,
 Nor worthy to grow old.

(1.) *Industry.*

* (1.) *Industry.*

SWEET the reward, blest Industry,

Thou bring'st the busy boy ;

While idlers yawn, attentive he

Possesses heart-felt joy.

His moments fly on filken wings,

Lost time his zeal regains,

Good appetite his labour brings,

And health rewards his pains.

Unscar'd by frightful dreams, he sleeps,

When each day's work is done ;

And up he gets, ere morning peeps,

To meet the rising sun.

To manhood grown, he honours gains,

And bliss awaits his age ;

Where'er he goes, his honest pains

The hearts of all engage.

No strict review of life he fears,

He ne'er was folly's slave ;

Nor needs a staff, to help his years

To find the silent grave.

Fraternal Love.

SISTER.

DEAR brother, that apple is lovely and
nice,
No apple ere tempted me so ;
Indeed I would ask you to give me a slice,
Had I something on you to bestow.

BROTHER.

Never mind, my dear sister, you're wel-
come to eat,
Were it ten times more lovely and fine ;
For I always shall think I've a much better
treat,
When your share is equal to mine.

The

(1.) *The folly of prying into Futurity.*

GOD, from a principle of love,
 Conceals our future fate :
 It must the greatest torment prove,
 To know our destin'd state.

For should I happen to foresee,
 My schemes would meet success;
 I might grow proud, thro' levity,
 And turn it to distress.

Should distant wretchedness appear,
 My fears would still increase;
 Each day that state would draw more near,
 And that would wound my peace.

I'll think no more on what may come,
 But what I have, enjoy;
 And, should I meet a gentle doom,
 To good that doom employ.

(2.) *Exterior*

(2.) *Exterior Appearance.*

AMONG some trees, well-shap'd and tall,
 There grew a dwarf, as weak as small,
 The tall were proud, and griev'd to see
 Near them this little crooked tree.

But when the woodman passing by,
 Survey'd those trees so straight and high;
 He fell'd them all, for such he sought,
 But left the dwarf, as good for nought.

Let none their fine exterior boast,
 We're often handsome to our cost:
 For he, who has applause in view,
 May wonder raise, and envy too.

The

The inconsiderate Wish.

BOY.

O dear ! what a beautiful gelding I view,
Do, pray let me ride him to school ?

MAN.

Try your strength and your skill first, he's
too wild for you
And your neck might be broke, little
fool.

The

The Rope-dancer.

BOY.

HOW he quivers and leaps ! what a wonderful man !

'Tis ingenious to caper on cords.

MAN.

'Tis true, Master William ; but tell, if you can,

What advantage such dancing affords :

The

The Lambkin.

PRETTY lambkin, for thee my heart
 bleeds,
 How little thou dream'st of thy end !
 Unconscious, thou play'st in the meads,
 And think'st him who feeds thee thy
 friend.

He feeds thee his table to deck,
 For the glutton thou'lt soon yield thy
 breath ;
 And the collar, which graces thy neck,
 Be the halter to drag thee to death.

Then go and be frolicksome, go ;
 Enjoy thy few moments of life :
 What could it avail thee, to know,
 That the butcher for thee whets his
 knife !

The

The small Injury.

A Little, pert, malicious bee,
 My cousin John severely stung;
 In what a mighty rage was he!

He vow'd he would revenge the wrong;
 And snatching arms, and gath'ring sand,
 He storm'd the bee-hives, switch in hand.

Swift thro' the hives was giv'n th' alarm;
 The foe a bold resistance made;
 Th' assaulter fled before the swarm;
 And dearly for his rashness paid.
 Cousin, with scorn small inj'ries treat,
 And make not little evils great.

(1.) *The Man of Snow.*

THE man of snow looks fine and gay ;
 But, by the sun-beams warm'd,
 The frail colossus melts away,
 As fast as it was form'd.

The beau, all glitter, all perfumes,
 His empty head thus rears ;
 But, when the man of reason comes,
 The phantom disappears.

To the Larks.

O Heav'ns ! do such rewards as these be-
long

To you, sweet warblers, for your vernal
song ?

Shall these not save you from the fowler's
snares ?

And that hard fate, which gluttony pre-
pares ?

Poor little things, how much I feel your
wrong !

Around me should a thousand tempters
throng,

Of your dear flesh I would not taste, a jot.
But we have larks for dinner.—I forgot.—

(1.) *Obedience.*

(1.) *Obedience.*

MY little dog's a gentle brute ;
 He comes whene'er I call :
 But, should he dare my will dispute,
 I'd soon the villain maul.

Then should my father me correct,
 And I presume to blame ;
 How would the world on me reflect !
 My dog would be my shame.

(1.) *The foolish Wish.*

O, Like a bird, could I take wing,
 And fly from tree to tree ;
 Or mount aloft and soaring sing ;
 How happy should I be !

Then, like an eagle, out of view——
 Ah ! what's that sudden sound ?
 A little bird, shot through and through,
 Falls lifeless to the ground.

Had I been wing'd ; then like a bird,
 How short had been life's span !
 My wish, I see, was quite absurd ;
 Thank God, I am a man.

(3.) *The*

(3.) *The Shadow.*

THO' many think, that I am small;
 Observe my shadow, look how tall,
 How giant like I stride;
 But now a cloud obscures the sun,
 And I, alas! at once am gone:
 So man mistakes thro' pride.

That wealthy beau, whom there you see,
 Despises such as you and me!
 But who can tell his fate?
 Let but the sun of fortune hide
 His gilding rays; and where's his pride?
 And where his pomp and state?

The Bees.

YOU honey-makers fill your hives,
While light and warmth the sun-
beam yields :

Toil is the pleasure of your lives ;
Your treasure's in the flow'ry field.

And when the chilling northern blast
Drives Flora's busy children home ;
At ease you share your sweet repast,
And ne'er like idle beggars roam.

Nor toil you for yourselves alone ;
But bring your rent without delay :
Around your cot shall flow'rs be sown,
And honey shall my care repay.

(2.) *The Butterfly.*

BEHOLD that butterfly display
 Its wings, with various colours gay :
 I lately saw it diff'rent quite ;
 A worm, offensive to the sight.

This change, which I with wonder see,
 May serve as good advice to me :
 For he, whom I to-day despise,
 To-morrow may to honours rise.

(2.) *The Morning.*

HAIL, morn ! with joy I view thy light;
 Still had I flumber'd, still 'twere
 night :

What beauties ev'ry where abound !
 The hills and vallies smile around.

Ye Sybarites ! what blifs you lose ;
 While charm'd, I brush thro' morning-
 dews ;
 And that last morn my thoughts employs,
 When I shall taste eternal joys.

(3.) *The*

(3.) *The Bird's Nest.*

I'VE climb'd; the nest rewards my pains;
 An unfledg'd offspring it contains;
 One cage will hold the four :
 But, hush ! I hear their parents moan,
 Entreating me, in plaintive tone,
 Their children to restore.

I meant their dwelling to destroy,
 To gen'rous hospitality
 Forgetting what belongs ;
 Should I my parents lose !—oh ! here—
 Take your dear children back—Next year
 They'll thank me in their songs.

(1.) *To*

(1.) *To a Cat which had destroyed two
Doves.*

THOU cruel Cat, did'st thou pursue,
Did'st thou my pets destroy ;
My pretty doves, that us'd to coo :
And fill my heart with joy ?

Whene'er thou jump'st into my lap,
I'll their avenger be ;
And, with a fillip or a flap,
I'll drive thee from my knee.

'Tis instinct rules both me and thee ;
But cruelty is thine :
Humanity belongs to me :
A virtue half-divine.

Winter

W I N T E R.

THE beautiful season is gone,
 No verdure we now can behold;
 But earth bound in frost is like stone,
 And all creatures shiver with cold.

Bleak winter can do me no harm;
 Beneath a good roof safe I keep;
 A fire in my room makes me warm;
 My bed yields me peaceable sleep.

To penury some are decreed;
 To these let me bounteously give:
 Who feels not for others in need,
 Is surely unworthy to live.

The Delay.

TO-morrow I'll study, to-day play and
chat,

Exclaims the ridiculous boy ;
To quit some bad habit, or do this or
that,

I mean then my hours to employ :
But pray, filly boy, why not do it to-day ?
The cares of to-morrow may cause a delay.

The present hour only can man call his
own ;

For the future we doubtfully look :
The day, which we spend in amusement
alone,

Is but a blank leaf in life's book ;
And no such blank leaves should in that
book be trac'd :

But each be with acts of benevolence
grac'd.

(6.) *The Blush.*

I Dare not look round, and my cheeks
 become red ;
 What Mischief, alas ! have I done ?
 My conscience, I fancy, some evil may
 dread,
 And warn me that evil to shun.

My soul is delighted my virtue to shew ;
 With joy I my conscience obey ;
 With blushes of innocence still let me glow ;
 Nor vice wipe the crimson away.

To a Brook.

— SWEET brook, which so fair at my feet
 here I see,
 May my life still, as now, bear resemblance
 to thee;
 Tho' no gold or pearls in thy channel are
 found,
 Wherever thou flow'st, greater blessings
 abound.

While in intricate mazes thou work'st
 thro' the grass,
 Some flow'r near thy waters still smiles, as
 they pass;
 Still pure and unfullied they rise from
 their source,
 And pure to the ocean continue their
 course.

(4.) *The Rose-bud.*

SWEET rose-bud, how charm'd I survey
 Thy blush, half-expos'd, half conceal'd!
 Dews deck thee, while round Zephyrs
 play,
 Whose wings cool thy beauties reveal'd.

But those beauties shall fade in the sun :
 Like thee in life's morning am I ;
 By youth's flames are thousands undone,
 And like roses, they languish and die.

Contentment in doing a good Action.

WITH alms to one in want I went,
 Which fill'd my heart with true
 content ;
 My brow, from care's rude wrinkle's free,
 Became the seat of gaiety.

His thanks by tears the wretch express'd,
 With transport clasp'd me to his breast,
 My hand at parting squeez'd and shook,
 And follow'd me with grateful look.

If pity then such bliss imparts,
 To giver's and receiver's hearts ;
 May I such blessings ever prove,
 And never cease to give and love.

(3.) *On the Picture of a beloved Mother.*

HER picture this? she looks thus sweet,
 When with good morrow her I greet,
 And she salutes her boy ;
 The painting's good, the likeness true ;
 With wonder I the copy view,
 Th' original with joy.

False and true Praise.

ALL cry, that I'm taller and prettier each
 day ;
 Now whether 'tis flatt'ry or no,
 I wish they could make an addition, and
 say,
 That I daily more sensible grow.

To grow tall or handsome depends not on
 me ;
 To time is that praise due alone ;
 But if in my learning, improvement they
 see,
 Such praise I receive as my own.

(2.) To

(2.) *To a Tree in Autumn.*

THE honors of thy head decay,
 Of time thy leaves become the prey,
 They rustle, as the grove I tread,
 And those, which still adhere, are dead.

With pity shall thy fall be seen,
 Glorious and useful hast thou been ;
 What crowds to thee their court have paid,
 Thou gav'st them fruit, thou gay'st them
 shade.

When my life's winter shall draw near,
 May I the same encomiums hear ;
 As good and kind be prais'd by all,
 And then like thee with glory fall.

(1.) *To*

To a Spider.

THOU skilful weaver, how I gaze,
 Delighted with thy art !
 Beneath my table spend thy days ;
 With thee I'll never part.

But see ! a fly has lost its way,
 What harm thy web has done !
 O heavens ! wilt thou thy captive slay ?
 Thou monster, hence :—begone.

(1.) *The*

(1.) *The Owl.*

THE moping owl to caverns goes,
 Nor chearful day-light sees;
 Because her way of life, she knows,
 Is such as cannot please.

O never let me do a deed,
 Which I could wish undone!
 A guiltless conscience has no need
 Day's broadest light to shun.

Envy.

Envy.

FOR learning, obedience, and modesty
prais'd,

Master John above all his acquaintance is
rais'd ;

I cannot but envy the boy :

But this will not silence reproaches on me,

O no, I must strive his superior to be ;

And then I true praise shall enjoy.

The Whipping Top.

MY top, when lash'd, will nimbly skip,
 But stirs not, when I cease to whip;
 In fortune's lap man stupid lies,
 Misfortune's lashes make him wise.

Admonition

Admonition to two Children.

SWEET children, come play on my knee,
 Pomp and power are contemptible
 things;
 Your prattle is wisdom to me;
 When with you I can scorn courts and
 kings.

When you stroke me, and throw from your
 eyes
 Those glances so sweet and so mild;
 The deceit of the world I despise,
 And am proud to be once more a child.

I embrace you again, and again;
 May you ever be harmless and gay;
 Sing and dance;—but your virtue main-
 tain,
 For some dance their virtue away.

F I N I S.

10/10
10/10

10/10

10/10

~~10/10~~